

How oft have I, the silver Swan
commended For that even chesse of
feather in her wing! So white ! and in
such decent order placed ! When she,
the doly Dirge of Death did sing. With
her young mournful cygnets' train
attended ! Yet, not because the milk-
white wings her graced, But when I
think on my Lady's Waist, Whose ivory
sides, a snowy shadow gives Of her well-
ordered ribs, which rise in falling ! How
oft, the swan I pitied, her death calling,
With dreary notes ! Not that she so
short lives, And 'mongst the Muses
sings for her installing; But that so
clear a white should be disdained With
one that for Love's sugared torment
lives ! And makes that white a plague
to lovers pained.

O, how oft! how oft did I chide and curse
The brethren Winds, in their power
disagreeing! East, for unwholesome
vapour ! South, for rain ! North, for, by
snows and whirlwinds, bitter being! I
loved the West, because it was the
Nurse Of FLORA'S gardens, and to
CERES' grain ! Yet, ten times more than
these, I did curse again! Because they
are inconstant and unstable In drought
I in moisture! frosty cold! and heat!
Here, with a sunny smile ! there,
stormy threat! Much like my Lady's
fancies variable ! How oft with feet, did
I the marble beat ; Harming my feet,
yet never hurt the stone! Because, like
her, it was impenetrable, And her
heart's nature with **it**, was all one ?

O that my ceaseless sighs and tears were
able

To counter charm her heart! to stone
converted. I might work miracles to
change again The hard to soft! that it
might rue my pain.